

Telegrams: 'NATINMED HAVER, LONDON.'

Telephone: HAMPSTEAD 2232.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH,  
HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, N.W.3.Wednesday May 28<sup>th</sup> 1864.

My dear Michael.

This day, being a Sunday and a holiday and my birthday, I intend to dedicate to my friends in the North American Continent and perform a social duty which, mainly through lack of time but sometimes through lack of heart, I have sadly neglected so in these trying war years. I think that those of us who have been right here in the last four and half years have been, almost to a man, bad correspondents. The reason I give above: the strain of labour and lack of anxiety have made letter-writing a difficult task.

Yet, you on your side have been nearer in spirit to us over here than ever before. This came out in a remarkable way a few weeks back when Avery's latest paper reached us: a instant and pleasure and keen satisfaction, to his many friends and here of his triumph, showed, as little else has done, how near we thought all to you on your side. A few of us met for some other purpose in the Royal Society's apartments; but it was Avery and his work, and our memory of him and his father, kindly, lovable nature, that filled our hearts & minds.

Of the great tribulations through which we have passed, I shall with  
satisfaction say, and I hope it will be soon, or shall speak  
of them as one to another, divided by vast distances of sea & land.  
Our separation was nearly complete - a perpetual monument to our  
desire to live at peace with all men. 1940 was a time, to an  
adult Englishman who has been through the last war, which boggles  
description. I got my family out of London into a house I had taken,  
<sup>in the Cotswolds</sup>  
- year before (immediately after the last air raid) and I went to  
live with Dale at the back door. We slept in the unheated ground floor,  
in a part of the old library, taking our turns at fire watching  
by night and not sleeping by day. Yet by that time night-flying,  
a state of our living so many of us still to the services.  
Until about the middle of your life was not pleasant, especially at  
night, in London town; and even here, where we only got the  
misses and the bad shots at the railway terminus, disturbed  
night by time was the rule. Curiously, it was Hitler's attack on  
Russia which brought us, here in India, the relief because I  
think a felt he and Hindenburg had miscalculated himself, got his  
bad job, and that henceforth he would never then try to do  
more to indiscriminate bombing of London. Or he felt it  
had worked at that way. The event, of course, which brought us  
the greatest sense of relief was the coming of your mighty, invincible  
country, into the Allied cause. I remember vividly the same scene

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of relief in the last war. The two events, to me at least, were curiously alike: I knew not the Allies cause would conquer and how far it however long the end might be in coming, there could only be one end, and I knew what it would be. It meant working harder than ever, but whereas before there had been anxiety and sometimes even doubt, now there was certainty of success and hope. Looking back, one sometimes wonders what, in a remarkable speech, has been the most outstanding feature and work. The thinks of Dunkirk and all the tragedy that went before and with it: the pitiful lack of men and valiant advice: the blindness of our island in that crucial year. But, dear have all, I personally rate the conduct and bearing and behaviour of the ordinary Londoner - the Cockney dweller in mean street, poor in his world goods, but rich, beyond the description of ordinary men, in the possession of courage, unselfishness, humour, good fellowship, helping his less fortunate neighbour, putting up with discomfort, exposure almost daily to physical danger, - all without a murmur of complaint. His home - or his neighbour's - might become a heap of rubble; but

they used get a little Union Jack from somewhere, built an adobe  
brick and, with a jest and a smile, forced to live at the  
crosses, and make the best of it. All this had to be seen  
to be believed and understood; and it will take the keenest of a genius  
to deal adequately with this aspect of our island story. The  
London - and by this I mean the poor citizens who live in ~~or~~  
the密度 near the River - less surprised the rest of this countrymen  
and made a name for himself which will never die. In way we  
for supplies have been managing & rate very highly, as everybody else  
does. Luxuria disfigured almost everywhere, but, thanks to your  
Colonial, enough of the essentials have always been here - a bit  
scarce at times, it is true - and every citizen has had his share.  
There has been no profligacy or vice as I know, and no striving  
& after things, for supplies, to which the individual citizen is not  
entitled. We have seen a dull and monotonous diet for a long  
time, but we have had enough; and enough in the scientific  
"nutrition" sense, to maintain this nation in remarkable health  
and vigor. It has been all done by our humanity of food:  
by hand unskilled workers have had more than the sedentary <sup>sick</sup> workers,  
(I think it's about right) less for the children, the elderly, and  
the expectant and nursing mothers. This humanity - and our  
Government - have not a few mistakes, but the ordinary man  
in the street has felt that he ~~had~~ was trying to give him a square

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deal, and, on the whole, succeeding. The public health, like the public morale, has been maintained at an extraordinary high level. There was an increase in C.S.M., but thanks to cleanliness, the fatality rate is nothing compared with last year; there is an increase in T.B. among young girls & young women which is disturbing; and there has been an increase in V.D. But, in nearly every other disease, there has been an actual improvement in the health of the people. This is, in fact, a quantitatis; and I consider that the fact that epidemic after epidemic - influenza, measles, &c. - which, by all the rules ought to appear, do not appear, because we are practically cut off from Europe. The story of the maintenance of the public health of our people in this way will read like a romance one day.

As for personal matters, Dale left this Institute nearly two years ago, having reached the retiring age. He is as active as ever though, and divides his time between being President of the Royal Society, Director of the Royal Institution (he has succeeded to the office held by Davy, Faraday, Dewar and Bragg) and to hold some very important and responsible positions in connection with the scientific aspects of war problems. Harington succeeded Dale as Director of the Institute, and you can imagine

The thrill of pleasure which his face is all of a day, to me this or nothing.  
Laur has Britishism as his main interest. We feel about that -  
then his unique contact with him, and then it's a little reflected glory. I  
see Hastings daily; and in spite of all his handicaps - short & stocky,  
inadequate buildings, the liberal and turbulent of war conditions, the fact  
that those of us who are getting on in years (I am 63 today!) are rather tired  
and not fresh and full of vigor - he is making a real success of his job.  
For myself, I have had a multitude of jobs which have crowded me  
nearer - Stevens antibiotics and Stevens Board raffles and money:  
active immunization against diphtheria: gas gangrene antibiotic, Supply  
and engg.: penicillin standards and mil and, now, additional production.  
Some of it has been interesting, all of it exacting. Of course, I have  
had to keep my Department of British standards going; and since  
<sup>very</sup> December I have had to supply the whole world with the 30  
standards established by the League of Nations. My wife came back  
to the laboratory and nobly helped me out. I have failed - I hope only moderately -  
in my attempt to get international agreement (i.e. this country and the American continent)  
about a standard and unit of Penicillin: but I think this will come, for I think it  
will come why the others, as Dale is now actively interested in the matter.

I enclose a note from Olga to Mr. Gittelberger. I have asked her to  
give you the names of the girls. Edgerton is always killed when your letters  
come and the sees the stamps. She is a WREN and is at sea - on the sort of job  
the boys used give their wives for. We all send our love and regards to you  
all, remunerating those holding cargo in England and hoping for a quick  
end to the war so that we can recover them. Ever yours,

Percival Hartree: